If euer he haue wife, let her be mad:
As miserable by the death of him.
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Chertley* with your holy load
Taken from *Paules* to be interred there:
And still as you are a wearie of the waight,
Rest you whiles I lament King *Henries* coarse.

Enter Gloster.

Glo. Stay you that beare the coarse, and set it downe,
La. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this fiend
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Glo. Villaine, set downe the coarse, or by St. *Paul*,
Ile make a coarse of him that disobeyes.
Gen. Stand backe and let the Coffin passe.
Glo. Vnmanner'd dog, stand thou when I command,
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my brest,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile strike thee to my foote,
And spurne vpon thee begger for thy boldnes.
La. What do you tremble, are you all afraid?
Alas, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the diuell.
Auant thou fearefull minister of hell,
Thou hadst but power ouer his mortall bodie,
His soule thou canst not haue, therefore be gone.
Glo. Sweet Saint for charitie, be not so curst.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods sake hence & trouble vs not,
For thou hast made the happie earth thy hell:
Fil'd it with cursing cries and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hainous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen see, see dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
Blush, bulsh, thou lumpe of foule deformitie,
For tis thy presence that exhales this blood,
From cold and emptie veynes where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumaine and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge most vnnaturall.
Oh God, which this blood mad'st, reuenge his death:
Oh earth, which this bloud drink'st, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
Or

Or earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didst swallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hel-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charitie,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses,
La. Villanne, thou knowst no law of God, nor man:
No beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.
La. Oh wonderfull when deuils tell the truth.
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are so angry,
Vouchsafe deuine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed euils to giue me leaue,
By circumstance but to acquite my selfe.
La. vouchsafe defused infection of a man,
For these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue,
By circumstance to curse thy cursed selfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leisure to excuse my selfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canst make
No excuse currant, but to hang thy selfe.
Glo. By such dispaire I should accuse my selfe.
La. And by disparing shouldst thou stand excusde,
For doing worthy vengeance on thy selfe,
Which didst, vnworthy slaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I slew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are, and diuelish slaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then he is aliue.
Glo. Nay, he is dead and slaine by Edwards hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lyest. Queene Margret saw
Thy bloodly faulchion smoaking in his blood,
The which thou once didst bend against her brest,
But that thy brother beate aside the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her slanderous tongue
Which laide their guilt vpon my guiltlesse shoulders.
La. Thou wast prouoked by thy bloodie minde,
Which neuer dreamt on ought: but butcheryes.
Didst thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee.